

MARVELOUS, FREE, GIFT!

*courtesy of INNIS HERALD
(SEE LETTERS & OP. PAGE FOR DETAILS.)



October

"the newspaper...has produced a state of numbness, pleasure and self-complacency perhaps only equalled by laughing-gas." H.A. Innis

Issue 2

MAD MONK IN THE MUNK

Prognostic or Madman?

Ima Knowall

As the student body greatly enjoys that rascally medium of information known to the Italians as *peTTe goleZZo*, to the Rus as *enemehu*, and to us Anglois as gossip (pron., *gəd-əsboʊpnpn*)—should it enlighten their politries or their alphabet soup—I print here a recently eavesdropped discussion, dramatized for the instruction & delight of yeerselves.

PLACE: gloom-grey interiors of the Peter Munk Ctr. TIME: is that very necessary? DRAMATIS PERSONAE: why bother—you will see them soon enough.

Man About Campus: (walking—nay, *am-bu-lat-ing*: tongue adjourning in the concave mold, whistling the cadenza of Mr. Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu* with delicate ease; looks like a curious fish—stops before Our Man) Say, boy-o (elongated: in the ululating manner of PM W.L.M.K. receiving prognostications from his dead dog), do you look glum! (*whistle reprise*)

Deary Fellow: Nan of y'r busy-ness (glare reminiscent of the surrulous Cain via his da') naw p—s aeff, whea dunt ye'—

Man About Campus: (still whistling—now the moderate cantabile) oh please, my man, do tell me what ails you—I am an intyellectual—I owns me copy of *Froid*. Terrible stuff, psychologically that is.

Deary Fellow: Ale? (eyes taking on an astronomical aspect) a pint of plain shall do me quite nice, thank you—and in reciprocity I shall divulge to you my vex'd mind—no, rather the picturing of a dream I vision'd but the other night:

You see, I took (or was I taken on?) a wander through the dark—when lo, the Sun! arising prematurely in the east, sprung to overhang the moon. But came not the light of morn?—nay, the darkness stayed, and darkened more, while all the stars, passionless and spent, expired in their eternal space. The obscure Sun began to grow, devouring the sky; and in tandem, a queer sort silence—theo' silent and not long: hushed, like a seashell; all that could be heard at first was the witching cries of the waters—then of Man and beast (but which cried what, I could not tell—they cried so much alike). Finding the droning intolerable, I climbed atop a hill from which did prospect amply stretch the hemisphere of Earth. And from that hill I saw as follows:

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WE ARE IN NO POSITION TO SNEER AT AMERICANS
A diatribe on religious security in Canadian legislature
Alexander Offord

In this country, this spoilt, petulant little state, a national pastime has always been the mockery of Americans; possibly, this practice ranks alongside hockey, beer, and the Mackenzie brothers in terms of unofficial iconography. Indeed, there is truly no worse accusation to level against a politician than that of "Americanization." The gibes and gloating of fat, pseudo-liberal Canadians and our antipathy to our southern brethren have never served us, either in the interest of creating a Canadian national identity (which continues to evade immanetization largely due to the anti-intellectual credos of the Politically Correct elite; after all, just look at what they've done to Mordocai Richler), or in informing our political discourse. The indignation of Canadians at their American counterparts' ignorance as to Canadian culture ought to be understandable; what, after all, is Canadian culture?

This prejudice is unfounded and really quite snide. Many Americans do not, of course, help their cause; the "Freedom Fries" stupidity is hardly conducive to being taken seriously. Nevertheless, the American Constitution was

OUR ADVERTISEMENT RE-PRINTED!

Ed. Due to an unprecedented motion of approval on behalf of the students of this fair campus with regard to the first issue of the MMXI-MMXII (can you read that?) edition of INNIS HERALD, WE have decided to re-publish, the earth-shattering ADVERTISEMENT that provoked such accordant delight in this, our SECOND ISSUE.

--"Audacibus amue coepit."



Ever is the case that out of a certain chaos there comes freshly generated the semblance of something wonderful, only to fall to rot upon prolonged exposure to its existence. Cite Modern Art; cite French Revolution; cite Mozart's "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman", *viz. bar nine ad finem*; cite dictionaries; cite Man; cite God; cite Love. & We. could. go. on. The only exceptions to this rule—thus far in recorded history—are the following irregulars: Bill Shakespeare; the Mandarin language; and March the fourth on a reputable calendar. Today—after forty-six years of nerve-churning chaos—the present staff at INNIS HERALD procure a unanimous step towards congress with that aforementioned trinity of eminence.

Survey these pages: you will find no masthead; no insipid editorials; no irrelevant lists of obsessed ephemera; no enterprises in the propagation of dullness like those other campus papers. Above all, NO STUDENT POETRY.** There is no excuse for that disease and our investigative unit is pursuing its eradication for the benefit of all. INNIS HERALD is not a forum for little children to play dress-up. This is the real deal.

As WE advance to make our bow, WE—each and all of us—are reminded of a story once attended to amidst the haze of swaddled infancy: it concerns an obedient watchdog, named Spotty, diurnally lashed by his master for the seemingly guileless crime of doing as he was told. Told to keep away thievish brutes and nightily malefactors, he barked but to be beaten for keeping his lord from sleep. Told to shut-up, his compliance was met with the rod for failing to protect the live-stock. Do you get it, you sadistic lunkheads? Well, INNIS HERALD does. Thus is the doom of conventional journalism: and the offender is twofold—and if you still haven't got it then arise upon your podiums of imbecility, you world-class buffoons!

Forget Spotty. INNIS HERALD is a more arrogant and depraved body of canine. WE bite back! and with indignant, unserveable rabidity. BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! Are you scared? Afraid to read honest ink writ by honest blood? BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! Listen you bugaboos! full-blooded, voluptuous Truth comes a-marching in our howls. BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! Our eyes and ears are everywhere. We are infiltrating 'the sham.' "Do you get the smell of porter?" INNIS HERALD doesn't care.

(wild uproar and ingenuous applause)

*Mr. Shakespeare was, as we all should know, not a man at all. **And this, we apologize profusely for the poetry that appears in this issue.

signed on behalf of the provisional editorial board,

Yeats O'Tabibka

CAMPUS ALERT!
HERALD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ASSAULTED
ONE MONTH INTO JOB
ANYONE COULD BE NEXT!

Yeats O'Tabibka

Something...has been troubling me lately. I mean, truly, it has dealt me a poverty of somnolence. It's...well...*(agitated, infantile eyes)*...err...I mean...oh the damn'd hell of it! (*throws up arms in despair*), let me just transcribe this article I spied the other day in the St. Petersburg Times:

HAVANA DECLARAS WAR ON ITS ARMY OF CATS
HAVANA—(AP)—Havana is looking for a pied piper to save the city from cats. Stories of marauding felines who raid homes and grocery stores have indicated serious con gestion of the cat population.... The only opposition to this project has come from those who argue that cats are better than rats.

I am stupefied. How did this even make it to print? Yes, I know it was written in 1929 and all, a particularly insignificant year by all accounts—oh and I mean besides the pauper's death of "Ves" Hendershot, the "Original Man of Borneo". But, really, this story actually passed from the reporter's hands, through those wind-and-wreathing Gogolian bureaus, past copy editors, seniors of staff, the *Lord Edition*, and actually made it, inked, onto the 0.03 gram derby-dapper whey-white paper I had in my very hands a fortnight ago?

Boy! Did they have reporters with gusto back then! I have been endeavoring since Wednesday last to get The Star, The Globe, the Post, or the Varsity, to print my own woes of "marauding felines". All to no avail (and yet they'll gladly publish anything to please their closet bourgeoisie knuckleheads). Just two weeks ago was I attacked—ATTACKED! by a pack of them upon quitting the HERALD office at Sussex (I was feeding our rats, *if you must know*). It was all claws and blinding tapetum lucidum as I bumbled down the college steps....Laying in grass, and fearful for my very life, I caught the distinct fragrance of 'indignatio' afloat in the midnight air....Incidentally, my girlfriend cracked a nail that very night—not that the two stories are interrelated or anything...

IF OCTOBER IS YOUR BIRTHDAY MONTH

you are also sharing it with this fine individual



Oct 6-Shuuri Kuruma, retired auto-mechanic
(HIRATSUKA, JAPAN)

and remains vastly superior to our own feeble pieces of legislation, and it will continue to be so for the foreseeable future.

Why? The First Amendment.

The First Amendment to the Constitution was born out of the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, authored by Thomas Jefferson in 1777, passed into Virginian legislature in 1786. With a certain delictious severity, it states:

We the General Assembly of Virginia do enact that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burdened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer, on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

This is only one example of a long, noble history of American secularism, a tradition that includes such brilliant minds as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine. Paine, in particular, easily one of the greatest of all North American essayists (we in Canada have no one who could even touch him), writes with typical eloquence:

Whenever we read the obscene stories the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel and torturous executions, the unrelenting vindictiveness with which more than half the bible is filled, it would be more consistent that we call it the word of a demon rather than the word of God. It is a history of wickedness that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind; and, for my part, I sincerely detest it as I detest everything that is cruel.

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ARTICLES & ESSAYS

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NEW REVOLUTIONS IN English

a modern man

áj balív in Wárdzwaró—áj min áj móst hév réd hiz préfas tú do Lírkál Bálcláz áz mén támjz óvár áz a Búdast héz lívz. Óa "rít léngevadz áv mén," Óa "húman blád áet sörkjolos Óru óa vénz áv b60" póstri áend próz áj lov it! Né—áj oda in fákt, blin áz áj ám, a fárm daféndár áv révolúfanéri pádtik in tis fármz, áj bolv it iz tám wi Jép ávár léngevadz tú báet óv "il mén". Óa dzikangrusztat batwín ávar fónéts ánd do nájtangel in tis dénd évori áv ávar vöröszi íz sikiom ánd diméndz rémádi. Lét ás stárm dén, bráðarz, sístarz do Béstil áv óis "ENGLISH" náw, ánd stánd nékad bofar a glóriás bránd nü-dé av orolati.

ANATOMICALLY SPEAKING

Alexander Ojford

The human male figure can be intensely displeasing, particularly if you happen to have one. Hair tends to sprout in places it really ought not to sprout, and the various clefts and valleys that bedight the landscape of the human man occupy their time by emitting great plumes of one noxious fluid or another; the incondite joints in the knuckles make comparisons to our simian brothers inevitable. Indeed, there is truly no more consummate evidence of god's absence from the cosmos than the risible sight of the male genitalia: no "intelligent" designer would equip its creation with so ludicrous an appendage. Unless, that is, it had a rather morbid sense of humour, and more than a bit of a vicious streak. The male figure is, in short, deviant from the human form; this is a biological truth if not apocryphically an aesthetic one – we all begin life in the womb as females.

Let this not be taken as the opinion of a lone, deranged, hetero-centric bigot. Observe the marble statues of the great Greek artists (Phidias's Ludovisi Hermes, for instance, left); sure the pectorals and the abdominals are chiseled (pun most assuredly not intended) blossoming features, swollen upon the young god's form like great demijohns brimming with liquid grace – but that thatch of fluff between the legs? Why, indeed, in a society so fetched by pedantry, are the Greek celebrations of the male body almost invariably hung like hamsters? The exceptions to this trend in ancient Greek art tend overwhelmingly to fall into two categories: either representations of massive, engorged phalli as symbols of fertility, as can be found in the House of Dionysus on the island of Delos; or as comical props, as were used in both artistic and theatrical depictions of satyrs. The reason for this seems to me fairly straightforward – how any woman can observe the tumescent male without spiraling off into stomach-clutching paroxysms of laughter is well beyond my powers of imagination.

The nude human form has been a fit subject for artists since time immemorial, and a few trends are worth noting here. Consider the evolution of the accepted "ideals" of feminine beauty – the plump, small-breasted nymphs of the Greeks, echoed (or rather, stolen) by the Romans and later reproduced in the timeless works of the Renaissance masters have given way to a more populist (although, perhaps not quite as popular as most women have been brainwashed into thinking; mass media speaks only for the most unimaginative of us guys, I assure you) criteria of full breasts and a lithe figure, or in the fashion industry, thinness to the point – some would argue – of dangerousness. Now please, suspend your prejudices, deeply felt and unimpeachable as they are, towards contemporary idealizations of feminine beauty, and consider the evolutions in the male ideal. You will notice, of course, that there haven't been any. There is no appreciable difference between the male nude form as depicted by a Hellenistic sculptor or an Abercrombie & Fitch ad. The only nude male that historically has ever been in somewhat palatable aesthetically remains the muscular Adonis, a form virtually unattainable for those of us men with real lives.

My point, I hope does not escape your grasp. There is something intrinsic to the geometry of the human female that has over the eons allowed for a capacity for beauty that transcends the thin, plump, buxom, or boyish, at least to a greater extent than for the male body. In short, a sculpture of the male improves on its model; a sculpture of the female merely aspires to it. What Beardsley would have to say about that, I can only speculate.

BILINGUEFACT YOUR AIR

Yeats O'Tabbikat

Here's a witty little versicle that the bar-man bespoke to me the other day:

When poor ménages in Québec
Are vexed by economic stress,
Should they request a welfare check
The Province gladly sends B.S.

Funny, eh (authentic Canadian countenance exposing a slight imbecility in the jaw)? I mean, B.S., right? (shy looks from the crowd—you are one of them!) Does it not scream "social commentary," "political criticism" etc. etc. etc.? What? you've never heard of *bien-être social*? Oh well... (searchingly operates visual organs around his propinquity) My lady says that I was being an absolute loggerhead (or lagerhead, rite m'boys...rite?), spread-eagled upon the billiard box and all that, so I may have dreamed the whole genius up. The academics call it a "bilingual pun." Pushkin loved them, apparently. I didn't need to offer up that chylicron of knowledge, but here's another in any case:

A PLEA FOR THE LONG "S"

Horace Humbert

I say—I do not wish to show such an heated affection of those silly persons who disparage the use of the long "f" but where and when I must, I must! They say, always, "tis wife to speak modernized English, fo as to make understandble social discourse with one's associates. And yet 'tis they who truly fuck the "wife" out of our mother tongue, right under our noses; that is, with their---

Ed. Stop the presses! (Archibald Wapenloos and Sally Malhotra, first-year lackeys at INNIS HERALD cool the steam engines with the frantic turning of valves

while the foreman says a Hail-Mary in his office---Crash! Kr-kr-kratt-kraw-k-chajjizzle POING! ziiiiiepp sploshssssjizzz-urrrmmmm... SHRIEK---Wapenloos loses his arm in the aforementioned catastrophe, for which ICSS will hereby compensate, gladly, with the granting of one professional 'note-taker, free of charge for the rest of the academic season) Are you insane, man?

Myself: Infane! fhu thy flobberer, foony boy. If I was infane I'd speak like: 968 84465 4 26 27299; 96853 2 626 946 73237 2428237 23 27299!?

CLOTHING: DO WE NEED IT?

Alexander Tradmacillion

What deeper sense of meaning or significance can one affix to that custom we have become so wholly suffocated by, to the extent that we have extinguished some little-remembered part of ourselves? I am referring to the attire of one's body in guise—that is, "in clothes".

For example, it is obvious that the church-key, or bottle-opener, is merely an extension of one's teeth. I am confident that Mr. D.F. Sampson invented the device only after the realization that centuries of bleeding gums and a piano-mouth were not worth the alcoholic beverages they unfastened.

Another that comes to mind is the 'school examination'. Simply put, it is a metaphoric 'teacher'—that is, if we ever come to the realization that a professor who teaches more than five students is really teaching no one at all.

But what of sun-glasses, pray tell? It is commonly assumed that sun-glasses are merely for preventing ultra-violet radiation. But why then, if I may be so bold to mark, do we often see them worn on cloudy days, in banks, in bathtubs, in classrooms &c... Well, that is because the true significance of such augmentation lies in annihilating entirely the purpose of morning by denying all association with light; or, our Platonism; our joy; our labour; and our creativity—in extending the darkness of evening infinitely across both time and space. This is why nymphomaniacs, pessimists, and 'who-dates-to-get-a-job' I'll-just-be-a-artist' parasites are the most common champions of this invention.

Hair gel? That is easy—Man severely misses the primitive age when his mommy used to personally tick back his hair.

(crescendo of footsteps in the hallway
—a figure draped in black appears at the doorway, unnoticed)

Now, now—back to our original investigation: "the meaning of clothes," was it? What is it that rises to us de profundis, out of our artificial hearts? Clothing was once thought to signify an embarrassment of one's genitalia revealed to its propinquity. Pre-20th century thought, surely...

(the mysterious figure reaches into his pocket slowly—handles a revolver into the open air—Kii-lkk!)

...You see, the means of ourselves that have been extinguished by the means of clothing is "Love". When we donned our first rags out there on the harsh terrain of Paleolithic history, we shrugged off all communication with our surrounding others. This only becomes clear when we stand naked before... (BANG! BANG! BANG!—)

I am ein fisch from Wiesbaden,
My home 'Der Rhei' ist high.
I bite to live—vith pleases Mann,
For he loves for arbeit!

Can't speak German, can you? How philistine-like of you. I learned the language when I was only in my sixth year of existence—learned it in the interim of my English and my Français, out of a necessity to rid the family Goethe from the attic. You see, 'arbeit' is understood to mean job/labour/toil... but you pronounce it like our bite in the English. Does it not bring a wholly philosophical nature to the piece? Ultimately, it deals with the agency of Man—does he work for the world, or does the world work for him. You know, even Kant can't tick this well...well... (looks at watch, which cannot tick nor tick in the immutable medium of print) well...I...I'll leave you with one more that we can talk about over drinks this Saturday at the pub. I will make it easy this time:

愛の湯
夜の巳:
"無いチン毛"?
甘い、ああ、
無いチン毛?
愛はズボン
編まんツ!

ai no yu
yu no mi
"nai chin ge"?
amai a
nai chin ge?
ai wa zubon
aman!

ARTICLES & ESSAYS

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Issue 2

DON'T TRY TO MASTER

the subject of financial-assistance or you will probably (and WE place our bets on it) give up—racket in despair. There are over 100 different classes of schemes, cheats and scams concocted to get your monies one-way-or-another on this campus—even throughout this (*hussite*) country. So do we warn: *latet anguis in herba*.

Concerned students of the University: But what can we do? We need a solution. We have much complaint and very little craft. Nor do we speak the Latin.

Y. O' T.: (*standing amidst the pandemonium*) Fear not, worry not, prattle not—The Yeats O' Tabbikat Bureau for the Amelioration, Alleviation & Assuagement of Academic Arrears (or B.A.A.A.A.) rises "in shape and gesture proudly eminent".

Concerned students of the University: That last quote was from Miltonne, noh? We trust a Mann who nose his inglesh. It interests us, greatly. We are listening.

Y. O' T.: but you see, unlike those gizle-gutting Fauntleroy crooks at OSAP the B.A.A.A.A. will not INTEREST you at all. We offer FREE education: to a chosen few, of course: we've got the Marx and studied all the engels (*uncontested laughter*). No, really, we are not socialists, really—simply intellectuals! But not of the ruling class, no, no... tho' we do have our networks in the tall towers. All you need to do is fill out a form—and, O! why, here is an application attached below this very advertisement! Testimonials to be printed next issue!! We speak the veritable truth.

THE YEATS O' TABBIKAT BUREAU
FOR THE AMELIORATION, ALLEVIGATION & ASSUAGEMENT
OF ACADEMIC ARREARS
---Yeats O' Tabbikat, President---

APPLICATION FOR FREE EDUCATION FOR UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO STUDENTS

Drop off at Innis College Room 107 2 Sussex Ave. Toronto, Ontario M5S 1J5

Name..... Area of Study.....
Sex: M | F | Are you a member of the Rhyme's Club? Y | N | (check one)
Excuse for our investment (must be a good 'un).....

TERMS & CONDITIONS: numerous. see Mr O' Tabbikat.

COCA-COLA SECRET REVEALED

S. Hoi/Trans. Yeats O' Tabbikat

With regard to the individual who invented Coca-Cola, one has only the word of the Coca-Cola corporation to go by. However, with regard to the 'animal' that invented Coca-Cola, my incredibly fruitful research has finally begun to come to light.

There exists a densely forested zone in the interior regions of Borneo—and I am sure that our brotherhood of subscribers are already well informed of this—famous for its ranges of "Coca-Cola Trees". ...

Should one, moreover, push their way deeper into the forest they will come across a stony mountain of collectible "Coca-Cola caps". However, to try and convey some common sense to the culturally abundant wise-men would better be left unattempted as talk of the caps revolve around a very touchy subject.

While the "Coca-Cola caps" can be extracted by strip-mining or hot-spring excavation, the natives never approach the area, using the excuse, "because it's dirty"....

A waterfall can be found to the north of the stony mountain, at the basin of which are lined twelve "Coca-Cola bottles" in an assemblage. However, because this blessing of nature is considered a sacred object by the natives, under no circumstances is one allowed to move or even touch a single of the bottles. It is said that during that Second World War a fleeing Japanese soldier stole away with one of the bottles "to polish his rice".... This story was introduced in the newspapers, under the "Foreign Affairs" section, and so to those whom I suppose are already well aware of this I apologize for the recap of old news.

Well! As for the 'animal' that invented "Coca-Cola"—that is, the "Coke-Monkey"—how, one may ask, did it accomplish such an immense achievement? My current research shows that the "Coke-Monkey" extracts Coca-Cola from the "Coca-Cola Trees" to be filled in the "Coca-Cola bottles" which are sealed with the "Coca-Cola caps". It is at this point that I have come to a stop upon the staircase of my hypothesis. The other animals that inhabit this part of the world—the orangutan, the African elephant, the Ultraman Taro, the long-legged bee, the pseudo-panda, the scarab-beetle, etc—our scientific community will comment upon with the stoic: "we are not yet convinced of their existence". But should the "Coke-Monkey" come before them at the microphone they suggestively chuckle, saying, "no comment—he, he, he..."

Generally, in your average run-of-the-mill television drama, the murderer is made a laughing stock to the viewers at home—and at national conferences the whole room will turn similarly against one individual, claiming, "he's had years of success, so he must be guilty of something!"

However, I will commit myself wholeheartedly to ensuring that the world acknowledge my hypothesis, that they might one day claim, "his scientific-method sure is sound!"

That such questionable research is permitted in our modern textbooks is abhorrent, which I am positively confident our sensible subscribers will understand.

"LIKE FIVE MEN DRESSED AS CATS"

the theater: as experienced in our city

Ima Knowall

Yes, yes, we are all well aware of the ostentation so prevalent in our *théâtre-going* culture, *nezst-paei!* What—? (w/ disbelief)...what do you mean you "don't know" what I am talking about?

Here—five to curtain, barrel in a herd of pseudo-intellectuals (all classes, economic & psychological), half-raving mad from the ostiary not making sense of their unanimous exclamation: "Ham. II.i.616!" Of course, by this they mean to say "the play's the thing," but are they (w/ laughter)—are THEY honestly to expect some carbuncle-faced billetter to comb the sands of their limitless ignorance for such information (w/ knee slapping)? Now, I on the other hand (w/ sudden sober arrangement of countenance), am always quiet and good-natured, expressing a genial 'thank you' upon the maiming of my ticket, as my friends would surely vouch.

Anyways, it is not so much that this troupe comes 'late to the show, but that they are forever and a day in the lobby smelling each other over and potently expressing their "esprit d'art"—that maddening vapor which, ingested, constitutes both the higher and lower faculties. Y'know? carbon-hydrogen bond angles at 109 point five deg. & such...but...that is all...all mth & sci, so let's move on, shall we?

Strikes the final curtain bell: and away to their seats rush our lot of coxcomb Swanks heaving and squirming through the aisles, breaking the knees here and there of those sensible few who seated themselves at a more sensible time. Let us listen in for but a moment:

"is this my seat?" "shove over, you knob" "no, I am not touching your breast madame, I am only catching my balance" "hey, yeh wunna tayek this auttside?" "poof" "zoink" "powic" "crash" "bang" "bang?" "he dead?" "...gugugug cultural malaise &t;&c&t;&cxt" "...yoo knuu, I feel nu sheme in rheeding meh Belman and Eebssinn togather; besides, are they nuun vut und tha sem? I menn sort off...hussley...yoo knuu" "well it's no HBO but..." "...I won't have to read this play in class if I see it here tonight, will I? NO, WILL I?" "...really, is he dead?—oh well, they've dimmed the lights! Come now come now..." "yes" "shh" "ahem" "SHIIH" "num?" "SSSSHHHHHHH!!!"

He is beside you—She is beside you. He writes for this paper—She for that—He breathes heavily in at the mouth to show his awe—She breathes heavily out at the nose to show her reverence—He asks (in surrations) for your views on Feminist Theatre circa, 1980 ("but, tell me, are you... (sighs) single? (slobber)—She asks (in whispers) you if you know the metaphysics of Brecht ("but not if you understand it, of course")—He tries to explain to you why spiders have eight legs—She tries to tell you that an iguana can commit suicide...on its own volition!—He...—She...—O bother...you... (sighs) get the point I hope. Apparently, this has been going on for thousands of millennia, chiefly amongst those biped vertebrates classed 'Taediosaurus': who...first generating, unwanted and unnecessary, from the muck of the English Lakes engaged the nearest life-form at hand in a colloquy on aesthetics which brought near half the planet to extinction (*motions with expansive hand gesture; see, Daffy Duck in Yankee Doodle Daffy, frame #s 1944-2136*).

Beyond this annoyance in one's immediate propinquity, another... dawns on you: that of the *play itself*—the one you spent hard-earned cash to see. It is absolutely no good and...no, not even worth the ticking on your wristwatch. And whose brilliantly original idea was it anyways, to modernize the mythos from the greek and bloat it with half-hearted/half-understood 'isms' talk—show humour, and the general arrogances that accompanies all antiquated forms of 'preserved entertainment'? Perhaps Shakespeare is to blame (look of utter shock from janitor across the hall). And what do they call this languorous-peacocked-monstrosity? ah...ah. "Helen of Bloor Street," or "Sisyphus Works the Book Store," or "The Heraclidae in the Mind of a Pixilated, Quixotic, Sniveling Moron who Feeds Him/Herself on the Pitying Encouragement from both Familiars and the Multitudinous John Dennis' of Local Papers, Electronic Inanity, and Reverie To Denounce Reality and Parade in a Cape Before a Circus Mirror Clucking PoeticAlly &t;&c&t;&c" ...something of like poor taste! (Actually, that last title—it could make a good comedy I.M.O.)

Now, now (rocking back and forth, feverously) as I can already see the headline of the next article surfacing its new-born head below me, it appears that I am forced to quit here a *vacant* headstand!

Paris

But I— (Silence—moving en-pointe across stage, like a lilac blown by the Motherly west wind)

Luff you (thrusting of arms towards Helen)! Come with me to Bloor Street.

Helen

(Still performing headstand) Oh Paris, poor, poor Paris

It is not Love—no, not that artifice of free emotion
That commands your (rolling in headstand to Paris) sexual organs;
Indoctrinates you to the Lion's prowl, the arrogant blaze
Of the Old World (Sand falls in wisps from above, constructing
Two mathematically identical pyramids upon the odd toes of Helen's feet)

It is the Lust of the Gods that are—that WERE! for God
Is Dead, that made---(cut off by Paris)

Paris

(Incited with rage of devolved Man) No! Nay! HEE—Haaaw! (tickles Helen's belly-button until she falls, like a hill collapsing on itself) Aye... (pause)

But so Love WAS, when 'of old the world on dreaming fed';
Now that Lust IS, in Grey Toronto—strange that both burn brightly red.

?? BUT WHAT IS THIS ??

PaShaw! Why, it's a trailer, dear Readers, a free sneak-preview of a brilliant soon-to-arrive-at-your-local-campus-theater original play by Trinity College's very own quill-tamer Magnús Hálfvít (2nd yr. Int'l. Relations). Mr. Hálfvít, a raw (I mean that in a good way) Bracebridge-grown talent with blood ties to the Great Nietzschean-playwright Johann Sigurjónsson, invites you to his brand new production for the Autumnal Season, "HELEN OF BLOOR STREET". You will 'observe' (author's words) action, adventure, contemplation, digression, metaphor, absurd litotes, couplets, expressive antepenults, polycy, feminism, misogyny, atheism (gasp! whisper whisper whisper) and ingenuity making colloquy (I guess this isn't to be taken literally—I mean I know it isn't) on the stage.

WHERE: THE COLLEGE THEATER 3 Gibber St. (1 blk from Sussex Ave.)

WHEN: Thurs. Sep. 29/11 8PM

PRICE: \$5.00 (Now that's a student price!) See you THERE!

FREE SPACE OF PAPER!

WRITE ON IT-FOLD IT!

SCOLD IT! APPLAUSE IT!

DRAW ON IT-NEGLECT IT!

POETRY & FICTION

October

Issue 2

ON RAINY DAYS (WHAT SINGS MY BIG BROTHER?)
Hagiwara Sakutaro/trans. Yeats O'Tabbikat

On rainy days, at the edge of the porch,
my little brother, shooting bottle-caps—
always staining his fingertips
with thin, blue, bottle-cap paint.
So too does it make my big brother sad.
On rainy days, amidst all the idleness,
sobbing in the corner of our spare room,
my little sister, sobbing to herself,
burying herself—for what reason?—
into a soft down pillow with all of her might.
So too does it make my big brother want to cry.

SELECTIONS FROM SLEEPWALKING ON THE PACIFIC
Adam Kuplowsky

V

Silence, resting,
on my tongue;
cold, reminiscing
my heart, dumb.

So pretty and shy
with furtive glance
on lip on eye
her hair in dance

I hear the waves
swell Wagner's chime!
her voice plays
Rogers-Hammerstein.

XIII

Look, Susumu! We are not alone—
Look! Kyoto's moon, sopping in a pool
with moony beam of kitten tongue,
joins our drunken colloquy tonight.

In windowpane and brandy glass
her shy-eyed sisters celebrate,
and how we try—try to impress
by stuttr'ing psalms of alcohol!

"These courtesans are not enough—
besides, are they not courtesans of stone?"
Last night I held a lady close
Whose am'rous flesh blushed on her bone!"

So call her back again, Susumu!
She'll teach the heavens how to please
lonely, lame, half-living men—
Have her come as Belle to Béte's château!

But we are babbling into comatose...
stumbling up the stairs into our rooms...
"Goodnight!"...I wonder at the moon,
if she ever vomits from that proud mouth of hers?

XIV

With such a tempestuous name
as Arashiyama
this is a sorry mountain-scene:
late snow upon still waters!
It rather befits a melancholy bard
(applause from the bamboo grove)

VIII

In a blackout
all objects become their shadows.
electric chimes in succession
(but from where?)
repeating—distant—this awareness
like a lingering trauma, the sound
of dark waters,
into your faceless room.

Because tomorrow we may be drowned
by the Earth's sudden experiments
in poetic meter
let us go now,
let us go walk the dog,
on this early spring night,
while golden petals can yet be seen
raining upon an unfamiliar sky.

XII

Dare I to seek out the abstractions
Being as I am content
content to be where I am not
content to sleepwalk on the Pacific
drifting like a butterfly
through a national art gallery
watching two beautiful inkstones
moisten upon a euclidean circus
that a man from Münchenbuchsee
pulled from the flames
of a collapsing dream?

And yet tonight I will stand
in my own conflagration
market place blossoming
(bright flowers dark willows)
wondering what new shapes
are becoming under robes
(bright flowers dark willows)
inchin' their way from men
whose pockets are

empty

empty

empty

as a horror

I am one of such sad men.

AN AULD ICSS PRAYER
Colin McNamara

I will awake one blessed morn', and see my Innis free.
Wit' furniture, fixtures, & features—my classy college cast;
And nine beanbag purchases by an orientation fee
Unquestioned—or unanswered to those who ask.
And an office I shall have there—*on which no hand shall knock*,
knocking in the hazy morn' to when I am not in—
I never am, but then they leave me notes around th' clock:
"I need advice," "a locker," or "we arranged a meetin'"
I will awake and sleep no more, for always am I pain'd
By snide-y, mocking comments wit' little truth to show
Besides the fact that our sole aim: *our résumés to aid*—
And....*Gdammn that blasted Herald, O!*

MOE

Luke Kuplowsky ('97)

It's coming from South East. What could Moe do then?
It's Moe. No, not Moe.

Blow up the city.

Then get all the ships ready
OK!

Then Joe and Luke came in.

The commander said

get into our robots.

Why?

Jon said MOE!

OK,

Now I get it

I'll get in the robots

JOE
Eileen Mjok

"Goddammit! The blood sucking tyrants—the heartless slave drivers!" bellowed T—, the morally upstanding, stout but sturdy, curly-topped, pink-cheeked union captain and chief engineer at X—Metalworks Inc., before his work-a-wearied comrades in the company cafeteria. A fiery, propelling passion unleashed behind each syllable seemed to ignite his breath into hellish visibility. "They cannot do this to us—N—O—they simply cannot and will not pressure us into making any further concessions! T' besstaards!" An uproarious hurrah accompanied this final vulgar vociferation. T—wiped a single tear from his eye, a burning tear that never robbed him of the print on his right hand's index finger, and continued. "And—and—ahem—to make sure that these buttonupmustachio-ferrari driving crooks hear out our indignation, I will hereby march right up to Mr. X—'s office and spit in his damned moneygrubbingunionhating face!" For a full thirty seconds the cafeteria exploded with wild jubilation and encouragement.

Suddenly, from the loudspeaker: Mr. X—'s secretary's voice. "Would T—please come up to Mr. X—'s office without delay? I repeat..." Silence and a multitudinous survey of curious eyes. T—shook his head back and laughed a spirited Irish laugh, dispelling the hesitation that had fallen upon his co-workers from the centralizing force of the loudspeaker. Once again, the uproarious hurrah.

"Well, 't's about time, ain't it?"

"Go get 'em T—!" a fist shot up in the air. "Kick 'im t' ass, me man!" a hoarse ululation rang out. "Long live T—our leader! a hand-clapped shout exclaimed, followed by a plea to the union to begin a round of Solidarity Forever. T—barely made his way out of the cafeteria, being as he was bombarded with handshakes, embraces, and verbal epaulets every step of the way. At the doorway he stopped to turn his head back towards 'his people' and winked with the confidence of a god.

To reach Mr. X—'s office one could not take the normal elevator used diurnally by the company employees. Instead one needed to ride the gold-plated Executive Elevator which opened only upon Mr. X—'s stated desire. T—found its doors open and waiting like the hideous maw of Sin itself. He entered. The doors—the maw—closed—swallowed—him.

"Hello T—. Mr. X— is waiting for you in his office. Shall we go there now?" spoke an electronic voice from inside the elevator.

T—noticed that there were only two buttons in the Executive Elevator—that is, a ground-floor and a top-floor button. He pressed the button labelled top-floor firmly and almost with an bearlike ferocity. "Yes, let's get 't hell up there now, ye damned matt-chine!" The elevator began its ascent.

Twenty minutes later, an uncomfortable mole of anxiety began to bore its way into T—'s thoughts. How much longer is this ride going to take? Sure, the building is tall and all that, its top floors obscured by dark clouds, but...but...hey! Maybe this thing isn't even moving! Maybe this is all a psychological torture being imposed upon me by Mr X—. Well, I'll show him!

Then, the electronic voice of the Executive Elevator pierced through T—'s ruminations. "Say, T—would you like a snack?"

Taken aback at first, T—did not answer; but his silence merely pronounced a rumbling in his stomach into clear audibility. He had not even eaten lunch today. "Sure, what 'chye got?"

"Peanuts?"

"Pean'ts? What is this, one of them arrow-piehne rides?"

"They are salted, T—. Are you sure you would not like to indulge in them?"

"Oh sure, sure. Pass me them darned peanuts, will ye! And pour me a glass o' water."

Seventy-two hours and many bags of peanuts later T—was still in the ascending elevator. He was tired, bored, his confidence shook to the bone. The elevator spoke soothingly—as soothingly as an elevator can!—to him. "Say, T—just wanting to make sure...but why are you riding me?"

T—glared with disgust. "To see Mr. X—remember? I needs to tell 'im that his harassment of t' workin' man must end—I needs to tell him that all men were made equ'l under God—I needs to spit in his cursed face!"

"Ah" the elevator replied calmly.

"Not that you'd understand, ye damned matt-chine..."

"But, T—. Am I not too treated unfairly? You ride me, but never will I be allowed to ride you. Never will I be allowed to do anything but be ridden. I understand your discontent. Perhaps better than you do yourself."

At this eloquent statement by the elevator, T—straightened his shoulders and smiled. "Well now, maybe you has a point there. I never tot o' that. What's yer name?"

"Joe."

"Ah, Joe. A fine name. Tell me Joe, how much furter till we get to Mr. X—'s office? I feels reinvigorated somehow by your grasp o' th' difficul' matters." A spark gleamed in T—'s eyes which had previously been hollowed by a seventy-two hour stretch of bagged peanuts, florescent lighting, and muzak to the tune of The Girl From Ipanema.

A buzz of calculations issued from Joe's voice-box. An answer: "Hm, we are part of the way there my friend T—. Say, I've never called anybody 'friend' before. It feels good. Thank you, T—."

T—clenched his fists and raised his head with renewed dignity. "Part o' t' way? Sounds good. Thank you, Joe. Now, how 'bout another bag o' peants?"

Three hundred years from the day T—entered that gold-plated Executive Elevator named Joe, the very same, but slightly time-rusted, gold-plated doors opened upon Mr. X—'s office. If T—were still alive he would have seen a dark room, at the end of which stood an immense window that looked out onto the beautifully emerald planet X4579-S2. But T—was long dead. Mr. X—'s descendant greeted T—'s bones strewn across the floor of the elevator, assembled them into a xylophone, and played them to the atonic spheres of abysmally celestial space.

But excuse me for conveying such an appalling image—I am only an elevator who knows no better.

My name is Joe and I may be the first elevator to have cried on duty.

WATCHOUT
d.d. pyrus

DIS (joy)nT
ED The --- oughts
Like beads of rice
ING-p AR(T)Z rite
EYE H(OAP)
Whoever
R(EE)dsthis
a LOUD
sounds like an asshole.

LETTERS & OPINIONS

October

Issue 2

Dear Miss Knowall,

I was thoroughly entranced by your article claiming the recent geological 'upheavals' taking place in Borena as being attributable to the excremental activities of sixteenth-century Spanish sailors who were merely 'passing through' the region. I was doubly enamoured when I saw you leaving the Herald offices last Tuesday, 4:23:01 in the afternoon. What class were you going to I wonder—well, to be honest, I followed you to Vic rm 206, so I know the answer already (*hehehe*). You are like a little post-card from Paris c. 1896. How is it that your hair falls as if perpetually attended to by the Horae. When you bought a hot-dog outside of Robarts my heart was on the midnight train to Berlin, where lovers disappear in clouds of smoke, in the fragments of sonnets. Here, I wrote you this last night when I was supposed to be writing my paper for Professor Goldman. Read it when the clock strikes seven, for that is when I have finished my dinner (my psychic connection is exceedingly sharp on a full-stomach):

"I love you" I said,
heart offered
in a cupped hand.

"If you love me
you must hold me,"
she replied, smiling.

I reached, but only
touched the air.

Yours, now and forevermore,
Leonard ('Lenny') Louys

You detestable pigeon's milk of a boy,

I am deeply pained to see that my article on the excremental activities of the sixteenth-century Spaniards would be conducive to producing a far more putrid excrement, which happens to be your slobbering letter to myself. Shame on you! Know that you are in for a good whipping, you worm! Not just from me but from the entire human-race. Be prepared for a lifetime of failure, rejection, and disappointment, you crater-faced domine do little. If I ever catch you around the Herald office with your God-be-damned 'po-eh-try' I will set the hounds on you! I will, I swear it! Not even in "the air" will you find favour, you ferret-faced hop-o-my-thumb! Your "cupped hands" are a reeking piss-pot! Don't you dare read our paper again.

Yours,
Ima Knowall
To Innis Herald staff,

Hi. I'm a first year student. My name is Angela and I'm in Life Sci. Your paper is great! I especially liked the comics in your first issue. Dr. Jerk is funny. Anyways, I was wondering if you guys and girls have heard of this new rap group in Toronto, they're called the Monsters of Hip Hop. Killer stuff. Dra-Kool-Ah is so metaphysical—yes, I'm taking an elective in sixteenth-century poetry, duh! And Boogieman was like all over the dance-floor. The Grim Rapper was kind of mysterious. I wonder what he looks like under his hood. Can you review their album for next issue? Do they even have an album? Keep up the good work.

Angie

P.S. Your editor, Yeats O'Tabbikat, is really rude. But I forgive him. He writes in an interesting style.

Angela,

Thank you for the generous words of support. However, please refrain from exchanging your [s]s for [z]s (re: "anyways"). It makes you sound mentally incapacitated. And no post-scripts either—they are illogical. Why sign your name before you've finished the letter? Why put candles on the cake before you bake it? O.K.? "Anyways" I appreciate your suggestion that we review The Monsters of Hip-Hop. I too dig their message and sound. I do not believe they have an album yet, but a single is in the works according to Grim (good friend of mine, actually). Regarding your question, though, he has a frightful face; that is, it's a fine vitrine grotto. We might consider reviewing one of their concerts if they are playing anytime soon.

Yours,
Y.O.T.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Mr. O'Tabbikat,

Thank you for submitting the first issue of The Innis Herald for our review. Unfortunately, we will not be able to distribute your magazine under our imprimatur at this time, as it does not fit the criteria required. In your letter accompanying the submission, you mentioned that you had reviewed our website; I would urge you to do so again before contacting us. Magazines Canada prides itself on being the foremost distributor of quality Canadian journals, and as such we must hold every submission to the same high standard.

The article on page 15 of your submission, "Young Man and the Sea," repeatedly asserted that whales were fish, when they are, in fact, mammals. Although Magazines Canada is open to journals featuring satirical pieces of a wide variety, it was not evident that this was anything other than journalistic error. Moreover, the author of the restaurant review on page 21 appeared to be convinced that A.A. Gill's initials stood for "Alcoholics Anonymous," which I can assure you is not the case, having known Adrian for many years.

At least three of the journalists whose bylines you include in your magazine appear to be dead. It is dubious in the extreme that "Ernest Hemingway" submitted 500-word column on how to floss with tarred cordage, or that Mark Twain should have either known or written anything at all about a Twitter hash tag. Some of these mistakes take on the appearance of outright lies, including, among others: "Armadillos aren't real"; "Shakespeare invented the word 'elbow'"; "Butch lesbians don't use dildos," et cetera.

Also, pages 8 and 9, which were advertised on the cover as featuring "Tasteful nude photos of Innis College students" appeared to be stuck together.

Thus, although Magazines Canada will dutifully read any future submission of yours, we are simply not interested in The Innis Herald.

Best of luck,

Stephen Gould

Distribution Accounts Editor (Magazines Canada)

Dear Steve,

We at INNIS HERALD do not need Magazines Canada and its "interest" to put ourselves to sleep at night (hic)! So go back to your big legumes and your fancy pie-in-the-sky cocktail parties where (hic) you can (hic)—what? what do you mean (hichichic) we're running out of ink? I just replaced it last week? Aw, come on! I'm not (so) out of order! This whole (ich) system (chi) is out of order.

.H. FREE GIFT #2

Herald editors,

Hey, have you noticed how ICSS bought this new TV but won't let anybody in the college use it? I mean, I wanted to watch it once but the looked at me and said "we wouldn't want it to get stolen..." But what is that supposed to mean? Their office doors are always locked and they are never available to meet. I have been waiting three weeks to get a locker from them! And they say that they are "here for you". For who I ask!! Themselves. Can you please print this letter?

Much obliged,
Kristi

I think you will be pleasantly surprised by this issues content my friend. Keep up the good fight. -Kuraesuki

Dear Herald,

My name is Sam. About the opening of last issue's article on Raymond Chandler's resemblance to a crushed juicy-fruit you once found on the TTC...the first line was in Dutch! Could you translate it for me?

Sam,

The Herald is "Dear" isn't it? As for the translation, here you go: "I wear clogs clogs clogs and I dance a lot dance a dance a dance a lot lot lot clogs jump (where?) over danos clonce sgole sgole ecnai!" I hope you will be further enlightened upon a second perusal of the article.

Yours,
Ima Knowall

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

If you are interested in submitting essays, poetry, art, letters, &tc... to The Innis Herald please email the editors at Innis.Herald.Editor@gmail.com

NOTICE

If you enjoyed this issue's articles by Alexander Offord and Nick Gergesha and comics by Pierce Desrochers - O'Sullivan please visit their websites at-----

(Alexander Offord) <http://moderndrama.blogspot.com>
(Nick Gergesha) <http://webledmovies.blogspot.com>
(Pierce Desrochers - O'Sullivan) <http://cabindot.com>

SUPPORT THIS COLLEGE

Are you an Innis student? Are you enrolled at a course at Innis College? Either way, support Innis College groups like CINSS, INNIS HERALD, URSSU, &....ICSS....(cough)





FIRST ISSUE



NIGHT OF DEATH



FREE HUGS

